

I was always a good listener and loved to sit on the floor, quiet as could be, when adults talked. There was a heat vent in the upstairs bedroom (shared with Sue) and I often crept in there and plastered my ear to that vent to hear what the grown-ups in the living room below were saying. Several times the floor creaked and my mother would stop the conversation below and say. "Gayle, get up off of that floor and go to bed!" Maybe those "informative" listening episodes account for the fact that I remember things growing up that Jay, Harold and Sue don't remember! Nosey Big Sister!!

I was active in the Farmville First Christian Church, in Farmville and at St. Paul's Methodist Church in Goldsboro. I sang in the choir in Farmville and played hand bells in Goldsboro. Harvey and I were active in the education field in Goldsboro in all areas as well as the teaching part. Our two sons became commercial photographers specializing in school and organizational pictures.

I felt I was an enlightened teacher, but according to Jay, never could understand some technical things like how to make Pepsi Cola out of Coca-Cola. That grew out of a confrontation we had when he had a Pepsi Cola and I had a Coca-Cola. He had heard some grownup say, "Pepsi Cola is nothing but a Coca-Cola with more water in it." I was drinking my Coca-Cola faster than Jay could drink his Pepsi Cola so he suggested I pour some water in it. Of course, it ruined my Coca-Cola. I never let him forget it!